

STATE EXPRESS

555 Cigarettes

MADE BY HAND, ONE AT A TIME.

# The People.

SPECIAL EDITION.

No. 2,175.

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LONDON, SUNDAY, JUNE 24, 1923.

Printed at the D. S. and Co. Press, Ltd.

Two Pence.

Remember always

**OK**  
SAUCE  
*is The Real Thing*

Family Bottle Now 5d.

## THE AMAZING "WET" WAR.

### LINERS' LIQUOR SEALS BROKEN.

#### CORKSCREW TACTICS IN NEW YORK HARBOUR.

#### HIGH AND DRY JINKS.

#### CUSTOMS MEN'S "REMOVAL" DUTIES SUSPENDED AND RENEWED.

Extraordinary scenes, reminiscent of slapstick film comedy, marked an attempt by American officials to apply "dry" rulings to the British liners *Baltic* and *Berengaria* in New York Harbour yesterday.

Removal operations, begun with the breaking of the British Customs seals on the *Baltic*, were suspended for an hour on the receipt of a countermand from Washington, renewed in conformity with fresh and more drastic instructions, and again interrupted for a medical ruling.

U.S. medical officers, in fact, played important roles in this comic warfare, and a permit granted to the *Berengaria* on medicinal grounds by a high authority was withdrawn by his superior. Eventually the liquor was removed.

THE fun began when the *Baltic* was boarded by Customs and other officers immediately on arrival.

A certain shyness on the part of the authorities marked the proceedings at the outset, the ticklish duty of actually breaking the seals being delegated from one department to another until it reached the public health officials, who were apparently unable to work it off on to anybody else.

Yesterday morning the comic climax followed another. The "action of the piece" can be best delineated in the series of terse teletype messages received during the day.

New York, 9.45 a.m.—Customs officers seized *Baltic's* liquor supplies this morning.

10.5 a.m.—Seizure of the *Baltic's* liquor supplies was stopped by a countermanding order which arrived presumably from Washington just as some of the *Baltic's* liquor was being carried off.

11 a.m.—The American authorities have resumed the removal of the *Baltic's* liquor. This second raid was confined to the taking of an inventory of the liquor on board and the placing of a guard over it.

2 p.m.—The actual removal of the liquor began.

According to an Exchange message the renewed operations were then stopped by the collector pending a pier conference between Dr. Sprague, chief of the U.S. Public Health service, and the Customs officials. As a result of this colloquy it was decided that the *Baltic* should retain 52 gallons of spirits, 72 gallons of wine, and 576 bottles of ale and stout.

The excess of liquor over these amounts was then removed and conveyed under guard to a Government warehouse.

It is understood that the *Berengaria* will be "relieved" of 31 gallons of spirits and 3,008 bottles of ale and stout.

This sort of thing, with appropriate postscript, would pack any suburban cinema in this country six days of the week.

None of the humour of the affair is lost in the detailed accounts.

#### TELEPHONE COUNTERMAND.

The first seizure of liquor under Government seal in a British steamship (says Reuter) was begun when a party of Customs officials headed by a Deputy Surveyor, Mr. Sanders, boarded the White Star liner *Baltic* shortly before 10 o'clock.

Mr. Sanders obtained the key to the wine room from the purser and, after unlocking the door, which the ship's officers refused to open, he broke the British Consular seals and formally turned the liquor over to Mr. Palmer Canfield, the New York State Prohibition Director, whose assistants immediately began to remove it.

After about 15 minutes, however, a telephone message was received with dramatic suddenness ordering operations to be suspended. By that time Mr. Sanders had already handed Captain Roberts a receipt for the liquor and the latter had lodged a formal protest against the breaking of the British seals and the action of the officials.

In reply to the message ordering the halt the Deputy Surveyor explained that the removal of the liquor had already begun but the countermanding order was confirmed, whereupon the chamber was locked up and the American officials left the ship.

Shortly after 11 o'clock the Customs authorities resumed the removal of the liquor and began to bring the *Baltic's* 6,196 bottles of spirits ashore, where they were placed on trucks.

The task was made the more formidable when Mr. Williams, Chief Officer of the *Baltic*, announced that they could not look to the crew for aid, nor could they use the ship's cranes to land the spirits.

The Customs officers were, therefore, forced to carry the liquor up half a dozen or more narrow stairways and through interminable corridors.

Drastic instructions from Mr. Moss, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, were issued to New York Customs officers following the action of Dr. Sprague, who, in the first instance, granted the *Baltic* the medical officer of the *Berengaria* to retain the entire supply of liquor on board as medicinal.

The withdrawal of this permit was subsequently ordered by the Surgeon-General on the ground that it was unreasonable, but Mr. Moss, in a telephone message, emphasised the necessity for giving full consideration to the professional opinions of foreign ships' doctors on this point.

The French liner *Paris* arrived during the day with liquor under French Customs seals.

#### POLO ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

#### PRINCE OF WALES IN WINNING TEAM.

The Prince of Wales celebrated his 29th birthday yesterday by playing a strenuous game of polo for the Old Etonians against the Old Cantabs at Hurlingham, and by his dashing play contributed largely to the victory of his side by 5 goals to 3. He was given a rousing reception by the crowd.

The King and Queen were among the first to offer him their good wishes. Both at Windsor, where the Prince is a member of the house party, and at York House, a heavy mail was received from personal friends and well-wishers in every part of the Empire and foreign countries.

#### ETNA COOLING DOWN.

#### DIMINISHED FLOW OF LAVA IN EVERY SECTOR.

There is better news from Sicily, where Mount Etna has been for some days in violent eruption.

The Exchange reported last night that the flow of lava had diminished in all sectors, and some "rivulets" had become stationary. During the day the advance had been only at the rate of 15 metres per hour. At that rate it will take a fortnight for the lava to reach Linguaglossa, the town noted for its 14 churches.

Telegraphic and telephonic services have been resumed, and new lines have been laid. Civil engineers estimate that lava has been strewn over an area of roughly four miles.

#### THRILLS AT BROOKLANDS.

#### Car Skids When Going at Over 100 Miles per hour.

At Brooklands yesterday J. G. P. Thomas, whilst driving his record-breaking 8-cylinder Leyland at over 100 miles an hour, skidded as he left the banking. He managed to right himself, but finished the race minus the threads of his rear tyres. He won the race with an average speed of 115½ miles per hour.

In another race A. Ellison had a narrow escape. He was in hot pursuit of the leader in the last lap when one of the back tyres came off and the rear part skidded. By a clever piece of driving he avoided a collision. The meeting was organised by the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club.



Summer came into full bloom yesterday with the first real show that sunshades have been able to make. This is a galaxy of summer girls watching the Marlow Regatta.

### TERRIBLE AIR RACE TRAGEDY.

#### OFFICER BURNED TO DEATH.

#### HYDROPLANE CRASH.

#### AN "ACE" KILLED.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Chertsey, Saturday night. A red machine streaking across the sky like a giant gnat, a burst of flame out of which circled a dark mass—wreckage of an aeroplane.

Such was the tragic end of Major Foot, who started from "scratch" in the Air Race Handicap from Lympne to Birmingham, Bristol and back.

When I reached the scene of the crash the wreckage of the monoplane and the body of the airman were still smouldering.

The Major, burnt beyond recognition, was lying on his back with arms outstretched.

He had fallen from a height of about 500 feet.

The accident occurred about 3.45 this afternoon on the Stonehill road, a country lane between Chertsey and Chobham.

Many persons saw the monoplane fall, but they were at too great a distance to be of any service, even had the airman been only injured.

Eye-witnesses told me that the left wing crumpled up and the machine nose-dived. In all probability Major Foot was killed when he struck the earth.

It is to be hoped that this was the case, for the monoplane burst into flames. Everything destructible in the machine was destroyed.

A footman in the service of Brigadier-General Sir Edward Hutton said: "About twenty past four I saw the aeroplane come over Foxhills. It was flying very low. I went to the spot and found that it had been burnt to a cinder. The airman's body, which was terribly burnt, was inside the seat."

There were about thirty people standing round the machine, but it was hopeless for anyone to do anything.

Police were summoned to the scene by Lady Hutton, who telephoned to them from her residence. She also sent members of her staff down to the scene in case their services might be required.



MAJOR FOOT (Photographed on his arrival at Croydon for the race.)

Mr. Burns, of Chobham, who served in the Air Force, said: "I saw the monoplane. Suddenly the left wing seemed to double back, or crumple up, and the machine nose-dived helplessly to earth."

Other persons told me that the left wing "became helpless." The machine turned over and over sideways before it fell.

A remarkable feature of the tragedy was that on each side of the lane and fell exactly in the centre. The flames reached a great height, and could be seen from the village of Ottershaw, a couple of miles away.

Major Foot was an able and experienced pilot. He was with the R.A.F. at the front, and later became one of Handley Page's regular pilots.

BRITISH OFFICERS INJURED. A British hydroplane (says the Exchange) which took part in the flight from Malta to Gibraltar and back crashed yesterday owing to a breakdown of control. Four British officers were on the machine. Two were unhurt. The other two, whose names are transmitted as Serwint and Tint, were taken to the Naval Hospital at Sidi Abdulla.

Although seriously injured they are expected to recover.

FAMOUS AIRMAN KILLED. Paris, Saturday. Jean Casale, the well-known "ace" who holds the French height record, was killed this afternoon when his aeroplane fell in the 10th Commune of Damerscourt. Casale, who was 28 years of age, was taken dead from the debris. The mechanic, Rouet, was badly hurt.

Central News.

AN AIR MINISTER'S CRASH. Paris, Saturday. The aeroplane in which Signor Mercanti, the Italian Air Minister, was proceeding to Paris and London by air to attend the international congress in London next week was travelling made a forced landing, owing to engine trouble, in the marshes near the Lake of Bourget, Savoy, this afternoon.

Signor Mercanti had several ribs and an arm broken, but is not in immediate danger. Reuter.

YOKED TO THE BED.

PEASANT'S NOVEL WAY OF HATCHING EGGS.

Summoned to appear before the local court, a peasant at Hardersley, Denmark, sent a message that he was "sitting on some eggs" and he asked the court to wait until his wife came back from market to relieve him.

A constable visited the house, saw Reuter, and found the man solemnly lying in bed upon a good clutch of goose eggs, carefully wrapped in straw and shavings. Two of the eggs were already hatched, and the small goslings wandered about over the bed clothes.

Later the man's place on the eggs was taken by his wife.

CLUE OF PECULIAR MYSTERY.

"One of the unexplained mysteries of the Thames," was the comment of the East London Coroner, recording an open verdict at an inquest at Stepney yesterday upon the body of a middle-aged man recovered from the river.

There was nothing on the clothing to help the police in establishing the man's identity with the exception of two bunches of keys of a most unusual form.

The coroner and the police surgeon stated they had never seen similar ones before.

### DANGER OF DULL SUNDAYS.

#### NEW CAMPAIGN TO STOP GAMES IN PARK.

The soul of the Cromwellian era is not yet dead, and the advocates of puritanical legislation are mustering once again to try to remove the privilege of Sunday games in the parks.

Last July the L.C.C. decided to allow Sunday games for a year on trial, and very successful they have been, but now the question of their continuance is to meet with bitter and powerful opposition.

The Imperial Alliance for the Defence of Sunday and the United Council for the Protection of Sunday are bringing every possible pressure to bear on members of the L.C.C., and are said to be raising funds to fight the question, which is a vital one for London's youth.

Dr. R. C. Gillie, the minister of Marylebone Presbyterian Church, President of the United Council, is leader of the movement, and objects to Sunday games because they entail a great deal of additional work for various people, and he asserts that there is no evidence that the working classes want Sunday games.

Unfortunately the learned folk concerned turn a blind eye to the many benefits, both social and moral, of sport on the nation's day of rest. They do not see that it is better for young people to pass healthy, happy hours in the open spaces than to be forced into the streets to wander aimlessly about. Street-walking is one of London's greatest evils.

Since games have been allowed in the parks, numbers of spectators and players have been amused, whereas they might have been bored into seeking chance companionships in the streets, or have spent their evenings in the public-houses.

#### NORTH POLE FLIGHT.

#### CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN ABOUT TO MAKE HIS ATTEMPT.

Captain Amundsen will attempt to make his flight across the North Pole as soon as repairs to his machine have been completed, say a Reuter message from Nome, Alaska.

Amundsen broke the landing skids of his machine in a trial flight with Lieut. Omdahl, his pilot.

The message adds that Amundsen, who is at present at Wainwright, hopes to reach Spitzbergen within 24 hours of starting.

A PENNY ALL THE WAY.

#### Children To Get Benefit of L.C.C. Tram Surplus.

"A penny all the way" for children only, is the latest proposal of the London County Council to encourage the use of the trams. It is expected that the concession will prove abundantly successful.

Nothing is said so far, as to the age when a child becomes "a young person."

There is a surplus of £250,000 on the books for the past year. This will go towards the reduction of the loss of over £300,000 incurred in the two previous years.

Central News.

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### WILDE'S OWN STORY.

#### MIND A BLANK AFTER SECOND ROUND.

#### TACTICS EXPLAINED.

#### THE FATEFUL BLOW.

THE amazing fact that after a heavy right-hand blow in the second round, Jimmy Wilde carried on his fight with Pancho Villa in a semi-conscious condition is revealed by the famous Welsh boxer in his own story of the contest.

His exclusive cable to "The People" gives a graphic description of his defeat at the hands of "a great fighter," but Wilde claims that the blow he received on the chin after the gong had sounded robbed him of any chance of victory.

By JIMMY WILDE. (Exclusive Cable to "The People.")

New York, Saturday.

I was knocked out fairly and squarely in the seventh round of my contest with Pancho Villa at the Polo Ground, New York, on Monday last.

To me it was a bitter surprise, for I thought I stood a good chance of defeating the Filipino.

But now, removed as I am from the world's fly-weight throne, I have gone aside to make way for a youth who is a great fighter and a skilled boxer, too.

Since my defeat the American Press has written nothing but praise of my deeds in the ring, and words fail me to express how deeply I appreciate my kind treatment by the American public.

The critics believe that I was weak from the first gong and not anything like my old self.

They were wrong. I was strong and fit in the first two rounds.

I had seen Villa box and had mapped out my plan of campaign accordingly.

I had planned to let Villa carry the fight. I wanted to encourage him to come at me so that I could nail him later on. That has been my scheme throughout my career in the ring.

If I looked arm-weary and weak in the legs during the first two rounds I did not feel that way. True, I took a lot of punishment in those rounds, but it was part of my game to draw Villa on.

Still, I never bargained to receive a heavy right-hander on the chin after the bell had sounded the end of the second round.

THE WINNING PUNCH.

That punch really won the fight for Villa, for I have no recollection of the happenings in the third round, and remember nothing clearly of what took place in the remaining sessions of the bout.

I was upset both mentally and physically by this punch "after the bell," and the shock of falling hard to the canvas added to the effect of the blow.

Moreover, time was lost by my seconds in lifting me to my corner.

(Continued in Page Two.)



### "EVERY MAN IS THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FORTUNE."

WILL you be ready—ready to make the most of your opportunities as they come? To do this you are sure to need money. How are you going to get it? There is only one way—by SAVING. Thrift is the foundation stone of prosperity. For people who have to count their savings in pence and shillings rather than in pounds, Savings Certificates are the ideal investment. Each Savings Certificate grows from 16/- to 20/- in ten years, its profit is free of Income Tax and your money (with interest accrued) is always available in an emergency.

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I must say I was strongly moved by the old lady's singular prophecy and by the certainty with which she made it. It was then October, and there was no sign of any of the things she had told me coming true. And yet the events she foretold were fulfilled. In the letter, I received a telegram proposing marriage, promptly accepted the proposal and we were duly married on Christmas Eve at the Bromley Oratory.

For the first four years our marriage was a happy one. I had a private income and we were comfortably placed. Then, to my dismay, I discovered that my husband

Between these fits of madness our life was fairly happy, but my husband's craving for drugs hung like a shadow over our happiness. I dared not go to sleep at night until I had taken a few pills, and the constant strain made serious inroads upon my health.

One day I found some cocaine hidden away and destroyed it. Waking up at two o'clock a morning or two later I saw my husband hunched over a table, his hands in his pockets. He gradually worked himself up into a frenzy of excitement because he could not discover the missing drug. Suddenly he saw me and, with a curse, shouted: "You have thrown it away."

"What was away?" I asked.

He replied, "You know."

We were then living in a small seaside town on the coast of Scotland and, fearing the consequences if I stayed in the room, I ran out of the house, closely followed by my husband, who was like a madman.

Hardly knowing what I was doing,

When he was lifting his handkerchief to his face I stopped him and, firmly but gently, told him that unless he stopped taking the drug I should have to take a separation, and he would have to keep himself.

His habit had secured too great a hold of him, however, and eventually he was discharged and could not obtain another situation. After this my life became almost unbearable.

When he was without the drug he would come to me for money to purchase more, and I did not give him what he wanted, once he became very violent.

Then suddenly his attitude would change. He would whine and cringe and beg me to let him have a little money in order that he might buy the only thing that made his life worth living.

Soon after this he adopted a cunning and sly attitude in order to force me to have him. He would pick a handsome man and be very proud of his appearance, and he would counsel that if he could hurt my pride he

Costanza Hongwood

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**NEW SEMI-FOLDING PRAM**

Prized with distinguished Royal Warrant. Proved First Prize at the London, Vienna, Paris, and Philadelphia Expositions. The Wheels with Self-Adjusting Valves on the Spokes. Spokes self-adjusted to the Carriage's Leather Cushion. Price 50/-.

Well-known and reliable goods and to approved orders for 5/- with extra. Returns in 14 days. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

**CATALOGUE** of high class Bicycles, Carriages & Prams Free. Cash, Order, Please. Post Free.

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**NEXT WEEK:—The Great Comedy One-Step Song Success, "MONKEY DOODLE HAREM," sung with tremendous success by The Versatile Three.**







## Keeping Flowers Fresh

Conducted by "MIMI."



FLOWERS are scarce in gardens this year and expensive to buy. Yet of all luxuries flowers are the most difficult to do without. Lucky people living in sheltered nooks in the country have, I understand, in full bloom.

None of my friends and acquaintances is counted in that well-favored band, but for those who know them, and who receive floral tributes by post from their gardens, here is a hint or two which will help to prolong the pleasure obtained from the gift.

They are just as useful to those who purchase blossoms in town.

Lay the flowers on a board, the stalks lying singly. With a sharp knife cut off about half an inch of stem. Scissors press the ends together, and as the flowers have already lost some of their vitality since they were first gathered, it is advisable to give them all the help one can to enable them to breathe freely.

Then place them in a narrow basin of hot water in such a fashion that the newly cut stems are immersed to a depth of about two inches. Sprinkle the heads with cold water and leave in a cool place until the water in which they are in is cold. Place the flowers in vases filled with fresh cold water to which a tiny pinch of charcoal has been added. Do not mass them closely together, but allow them as much space to spread as naturally as possible. Superfluous foliage should be removed as it absorbs the water and keeps out the air.

Every other day the water should be thrown away, the stalks freshly cut—in woody stems are that it is above and not just below a "knot" and washed in slightly warm water before being placed in the basin.

If your garden provides flowers for the house, gather the blossoms as early in the day as possible, and choose them on the point of full expansion rather than fully blown. Fully blown roses, marguerites, etc., should be cut with half an inch stalks and floated in bowls. They will last several days, but standing in vases they will drop quickly.

If you are blessed with a superfluity of flowers and can consequently send some to your friends by post, gather them as early as possible, place in water almost up to their heads, and leave for two hours before packing. Line the box with grease-proof paper, slip in little coils of dampened tissue paper near the stems, and cover with the grease-proof paper and post in time to catch a mail that will deliver them with the least possible delay.

## THE HELPING HAND.

**STAINS ON CHINA.**—Powdered bath-brick will remove stains on china.

**STAINED DEANTERS.**—A brine of salt and water is an excellent thing to clean stained decanters.

**BRONZE ORNAMENTS.**—Bronze ornaments should never be washed, but merely dusted or polished with a soft duster, lightly moistened with sweet oil.

**SOAPSCUDS AS MANURE.**—Soapscuds form a very valuable manure for bushes or young plants; therefore, instead of throwing them all down the drain, throw some of them on to your garden.

**MATCH MARKS.**—Match marks can be removed from a polished surface by first rubbing them with a cut lemon, and then with a cloth dipped in clear water.

**TO KEEP CHEESE FRESH.**—Cheese can be kept from becoming mouldy by wrapping it in a cloth which has been dipped in vinegar and wrung out as dry as possible. Keep it in a cool place.

**WASHING A VELVET BLOUSE.**—Make a bath of warm water and soap and soak the blouse well in it. Rub the latter all over it with the hand flat until every part of it is clean. Then rinse well in three good warm waters and do not wring it, but hang it up in a warm room and allow it to drip until dry.

**TO CLEAN LINOLEUM.**—Beeswax and turpentine polish for linoleum is hard to beat as far as its appearance is concerned, but it causes a slipperiness which may be very dangerous. A polish which has no such objection is made of equal parts of linseed oil and vinegar. The surface beneath mats and rugs should never be polished.

**STAINS ON MAHOAGANY.**—If mahogany has been badly stained, rub in a little olive oil, taking care to get it well into the wood before applying a small drop of spirits of wine over the exact spot where the mark is. Do not spread the oil of wine to spread beyond the oiled portion. Rub it in with a soft clean cloth. A good furniture polish should be used to restore the wood after the mark has been removed.

**RENOVATING WHALEBONE.**—Whealbone that has become bent in corsets or dresses can be restored and used again if it is soaked in water for a few hours. When the bones are bent straight and dried they will be found as good as new.

The following patterns are kept in stock in small, medium, large and extra sizes, and may be had by return post. Requisition articles for the use of soldiers and nurses.

Nurses' aprons, Men's shirts, Men's night-shirts, Men's undershirts, Men's dressing gowns, Nurses' dresses, pyjama suits, etc.

Patterns may be had in the following stock sizes for—

| STOCK SIZE. | CHEST. | WAIST. | SEAT. | NECK. |
|-------------|--------|--------|-------|-------|
| SMALL.      | 32     | 30     | 34    | 14    |
| MEDIUM.     | 36     | 34     | 38    | 15    |
| LARGE.      | 40     | 38     | 42    | 16    |
| O.S.        | 44     | 42     | 46    | 17    |

**CHILDREN.** State Age and Size.  
**BACK NUMBERS KEPT IN STOCK.**  
Address orders, PATTERNS DEPT., "The People," 40, Wellington-street, W.C.2.

**LOST RELATIVES.**

Particulars which must accompany each inquiry—Name of missing person, how long since heard of, must exceed one year; relationship to, and address of applicant. Correspondence coupon must be enclosed, and inquiries marked "LOST" to Editor, "The People," 40, Wellington-street, W.C.2.

**MARTIN, HENRY EDWARD.**—Last heard of 30 years ago. 1115, Madison-street, London, W.1.

**MAVERICK, ROSA MARY ANN.**—Last heard of 2 years ago. 1115, Madison-street, London, W.1.

**BOWE, DEBBIE ALICE MAUDE.**—Last heard of 2 years ago. 1115, Madison-street, London, W.1.

**NOTE.**—Medical correspondence must give a HOME ADDRESS for free forwarding in paper, and previous history, present condition.



No. 152—Simple dress for girls of 6-8, 8-10, and 10-12 years. It is fashioned all in one, with magygar sleeves and a square vest let in the front. A narrow belt of the material keeps the fullness in place at the waist. 6d.

No. 153—Smart frock in striped material, with a front panel cut the reverse way of the material. The sleeves are cut in one with the

dress, and are finished with turn-back cuffs to match the collar. 6d.  
No. 154—Well-cut sports shirt for men and boys, in sizes, large, small, medium; 14-16, and 12-14 years. 6d.  
No. 155—Practical little dress in plain cotton material, faced with bands of striped. It is cut with magygar sleeves, and is slit under one of the front bands for the fastening. 6d.

## Free Information

Send "The People" your Queries

### MEDICAL

In order to ensure attention a stamped addressed envelope MUST be enclosed, and when answers to questions of a delicate nature are not printed or involve a written prescription, a P.O. must be enclosed with the stamped addressed envelope. "The People" does not accept responsibility.

**MATHEW (Dorset).**—Tonsillitis.—Use the following recipe three times daily. If large they had better be removed by operation, ear-ache, tooth-ache, and colds, give herbs, etc. (1) Eucalypti, (2) Salicylic acid, (3) Menthol. The only thing is to get the herbs by applying a little bit of the oil to the throat with a brush. (4) Eucalypti, (5) Salicylic acid, (6) Menthol. (7) Eucalypti, (8) Salicylic acid, (9) Menthol. (10) Eucalypti, (11) Salicylic acid, (12) Menthol. (13) Eucalypti, (14) Salicylic acid, (15) Menthol. (16) Eucalypti, (17) Salicylic acid, (18) Menthol. (19) Eucalypti, (20) Salicylic acid, (21) Menthol. (22) Eucalypti, (23) Salicylic acid, (24) Menthol. (25) Eucalypti, (26) Salicylic acid, (27) Menthol. (28) Eucalypti, (29) Salicylic acid, (30) Menthol. (31) Eucalypti, (32) Salicylic acid, (33) Menthol. (34) Eucalypti, (35) Salicylic acid, (36) Menthol. (37) Eucalypti, (38) Salicylic acid, (39) Menthol. (40) Eucalypti, (41) Salicylic acid, (42) Menthol. 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## FLAMING JUNE AT LAST!

### COUNTRY HAILS THE SUN. 75 IN THE SHADE.

It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the country's outlook on things in general has been changed by yesterday's glorious sunshine with its promise of real summer days to come.

Sporting enthusiasts and holiday-makers apart, most people, their ardours chilled by a period of depressing weather, were looking forward with anything but pleasure to a dull and disastrous season.

The day was brilliant along the whole of the South Coast, locally in the West and North, in S.E. England and in the Thames Valley. Many places up to 5 p.m. recorded over 12 hours' sunshine, while Paignton enjoyed over 13 hours.

Temperature was above normal in nearly all Midland and eastern districts, even in the North. A maximum of 73 degrees F. was reached at South Farnborough, Southend and Brighton, while many places recorded a temperature of at least 70 degrees F., particularly in the South.

Although the thermometer showed signs of rising earlier in the week, it excelled itself yesterday, when Messrs. Negretti and Zambra's records showed a steady improvement throughout the day.

They were:—

|              | Yesterday | Friday |
|--------------|-----------|--------|
| 11 a.m. .... | 66        | 64     |
| 12.0 ....    | 70        | 64     |
| 1 p.m. ....  | 74        | 67     |
| 2 p.m. ....  | 75        | 68     |

The Air Ministry's meteorological department gives the following forecast:—

Light N.W. wind; fine, warm. Further outlook: Fine and warm over England, Wales and Southern Ireland, risk of further rain over districts.

A sure intimation to London that the sun had arrived was when the tar began to ooze out from between the crevices of the newly repaired roads.

It stuck to pedestrians' boots and rendered the crossing of the street an adventure for those who wished to keep their soles clean.

Once they had survived the shock of the first onslaught people rapidly made up their minds what to do with themselves under the pleasing influence of the sunshine. Those who were lucky enough to be going on holiday were jubilant at the thought of the sunshine to come, and even the people who found the heat trying were smiling with the rest.

#### ASCOT SUNDAY.

The weather could not have come at a more opportune moment, for to-day is Ascot Sunday.

The famous Boulton's Lock will be thronged with happy folk parading all the glorious colours and fancies of Ascot millinery and costumes. It certainly promises to be one of the most glorious Ascot Sundays we have known for a long time.

Boatmen at Richmond and other places whose craft have been lying idle for weeks, were inundated with telephone calls, and many people were unable to get boats for this glorious day of sunshine.

There was a great deal of traffic on the roads to the Kentish coast yesterday. Large numbers of motor coaches and private cars passed through Chatham on their way to Margate, Ramsgate and Broadstairs. Steamers plying between Chatham, Southend, and Harne Bay also did excellent business.

### THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.

St. Douglas Hall, Bart., formerly M.P. for the Isle of Wight, is lying seriously ill at his London residence.

During Ascot races over thirty motor accidents were reported to Berkshire Police. Perhaps the most remarkable was one in which a motor char-a-banc ran over a motor cycle and sidecar which was smashed without its occupants being injured.

No Supporters.—A canvass in Maidstone on a proposal to abolish the largest primary school in the town and use the building as a central school resulted: For, nil; against, 1,300.

Co. Op. Meeting.—A meeting of a joint committee of Trade Unionists and co-operators will be held at Manchester tomorrow to try to settle the dispute between the Co-operative Wholesale Society and some of its employees.

Parrot Beats Dog.—An Airedale terrier that attacked a parrot which escaped from its cage in Bond-st., Ealing, was wounded and put to flight by the bird. The parrot was recaptured by passers-by.

£1,750 for a Foot.—At Lincoln Assizes Mr. Justice Shearman awarded £1,750 to a young officer Thomas Alfred Thornton, P.A.F., Cranwell, for the loss of his right leg in a collision between a motor-car and his motor-cycle.

St. Chad's.—Over 2,000 Roman Catholics from Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Coventry, and Burton-Trent took part in a pilgrimage to Lichfield yesterday to pay homage to St. Chad, their patron saint and the Apostle of Mercia.

Throwing a Kitten.—For throwing a kitten across the road, where it struck a car and was badly injured, William Jackson, of Gordon-st., Hove, N., was fined 20s. and ordered to pay 10s. costs.

Road Abolished.—For nearly four hours the London road near Wrotham Heath, Kent, was impassable owing to a lorry containing thousands of gallons of paraffin catching fire. Helicopters on either side of the road were lit, and the tar macadam of the road itself was also set alight.

Repaid in Full.—Mr. Charles Turner, of Aston (Bucks), whose offer to repay the Guardians 10s. out of relief granted to his mother 44 years ago, together with 5 years' interest, was repaid in full. He had spent the money in entering a party of 300, who included the Guardians' staff wives, and the workhouse inmates.

## AGED CLERGYMAN CHARGED.

### A J.P.'s EVIDENCE. OFFERTORY GIFTS IN DISPUTE.

The Rev. Charles Barton, the octogenarian rector of Harbledown, Kent, was, at Canterbury, yesterday committed for trial on a charge of fraudulently converting to his own use the sum of 2s. 6d., entrusted to him for church expenses.

A painful story was unfolded in court. It was stated that Mr. Charles Hardy, J.P., Lady Katharine Hardy and Miss Hilton were the only three worshippers, except the sidesman, at the early Communion service at Harbledown Church on June 17. They put into the collection a 10s. note, five shillings, and three pence respectively.

Mr. Edward Lawrence, a churchwarden, said the rector handed to him at the eleven o'clock service 12s. 9d., as the offertory from the Communion service.

The Rev. E. L. Ridge, Rural Dean, said that with Mr. Lawrence and another he visited the rector and read the following to him:

"For some time there have been suspicions that sums of money given in your church have been tampered with. Now there appears to be clear and definite proof that this is so. Before any further steps are taken we wish to face you with these facts, and give you an opportunity of saying anything you may have to say."

Defendant then denied taking anything.

In court the rector suggested Lady Katharine Hardy was mistaken in saying she gave 5s. to the collection and that she only gave half-a-crown.

Bail in £50 in his own recognisance was allowed.

The rector will be tried at East Kent Quarter Sessions on Wednesday.

#### PIANOS AT £14.

### £500,000 "LOOSE" SALES OF CANTEN GOALS.

Some amazing transactions under the Navy and Army Canteens Board were revealed at the inquiry over which Sir Frederick Banbury is presiding. They included the following:

Pianos sold for £14 and £15.  
3s. 4d. cigarette cases sold for 3d.  
Candles, cigarettes, cigars, cereals, clocks, housing and sports requisites sold to a hardware merchant.  
Tapioca sold to a fruit grower for 25s. a cwt., and read at 27s. 6d.  
300 cases of pork and beans sold at 1s. 3d. each; 1,500 cases at 1s. 7d. each.

"We have now particulars of sales amounting to £500,000, which seem to have been carried out in a very loose manner," said Sir Frederick Banbury. The inquiry will be resumed on Tuesday.

#### HORSE SHOW OPENS.

### KING AND QUEEN TO ATTEND ON TUESDAY.

The 12th International Horse Show opened yesterday at Olympia; and it promises to be one of the most brilliant and successful ever held.

An elaborate scheme of decoration has been carried out and the great arena, which lends itself to appropriate treatment, has been transformed to represent the encampments of King John and the Barons at the Magna Charta ceremony at Runnymede. Over 50,000 blooms have been utilised. The entrance this year have increased by 400 over those of last year, and during next week horses to the number of some 2,000, the pick of the British Isles and Europe, will occupy the great ring.

Yesterday was taken up with judging the novice riding horses and harness horses. Many women competed; some rode astride, others preferred the old-fashioned side-saddle. Among those who will represent Italy in the jumping competition is the Count di Bergamo, husband of Princess Yolanda, the King of Italy's daughter. Princess Yolanda was present yesterday afternoon and occupied a box below the Royal box.

The King and Queen are to attend the gala performance next Tuesday, and the Prince of Wales on Thursday. The Royal box is in the form of a domed tent, surmounted by a large crown.

An amusing incident occurred during the jumping contests. One of the horses refused the hedge and reared to such an extent that he threatened to sit back on his rider. This was avoided by excellent horsemanship. At the entrance gate the horse, having refused the jump, began to rear again, and the policeman stationed there, obviously acting from habit, put out his right hand as if he were regulating traffic in the middle of Piccadilly. Curiously enough through the gate. The large crowd roared its delight.

#### THE BARNARDO HOMES.

Princess Beatrice presented awards to Barnardo boys and girls who have conducted themselves with credit in situations for from one to five years when Founder's Day was celebrated at the Barnardo Girls' Home at Barking-on-Thames yesterday.

At an afternoon gathering presided over by the Duke of Somerset, it was mentioned that 60,000 boys and girls had been dealt with when Dr. Barnardo died in 1905. That number had since risen to 85,000.

#### TO-DAY'S MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

Bands will play in the parks to-day as follows:—  
Green Park: Welsh Guards, 8 to 9 p.m.  
Hyde Park: Irish Guards, 8 to 10 p.m.  
Roval Parks, 3 to 5 and daily 3 to 5 and 7 to 10 p.m.  
Greenwich Park: 1st Coldstream, King's Royal Rifle, 3 to 5 and 6 to 9 p.m.  
Regent's Park: 1st Buffs, 8 p.m.  
Remington Gardens: Remington Volunteers, 3 to 5 and 6 to 8 p.m.  
Richmond Park: Fife and Forth, 3.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 8.30 p.m., and from 6.30 to 8.30 p.m. on Wednesday evening.  
Brookland Park: Camberwell Silver Band, 11.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.  
Victoria Park: G.P.O. Military, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.



Milie Lenglen and J. Washer had a practice game at Wimbledon yesterday.

## TRUSSED BODY IN M.P.'S SON SENT TO PRISON.

### MAN AND WIFE CHARGED WITH MURDER OF BOY.

John Newel and his wife are to appear before the Sheriff at Airdrie on Tuesday on a charge of murdering John Johnstone, aged 13, a Coatbridge schoolboy, whose body was found in a go-cart in Glasgow.

The woman, it is alleged, was caught in the act of disposing of the body, which was wrapped in a bed-cover on a go-cart in a back court in Duke-st., Glasgow.

Examination of the body revealed marks in the neck which are said to indicate that the boy was strangled. It is alleged that Mrs. Newel wheeled the go-cart, with its gruesome burden, into Glasgow from Coatbridge, a distance of several miles.

Being suspicious of the "parcel," a woman in Duke-st. informed the police. Mrs. Newel was followed into a back court, and ultimately a constable challenged her, unaided the bed-cover, and found the body of the boy trussed up like a fowl.

The man Newel afterwards reported to the police and was detained.

#### CANCELLED REGATTA.

Cookham Event Not to be Held at Cliveden.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Cookham, Saturday.

Cookham has won the battle of the regatta. The proposal to move the popular fixture to Cliveden Reach, instead of holding it as hitherto in Cookham Reach, is defeated.

To-day the committee cancelled the regatta and resigned. The protest meeting on Cookham Moor this evening took the form of a victory celebration.

A new committee will probably be formed and the regatta, "under new management," held on Cookham Reach, as it has been for the past 40 years.

#### AFFLUENCE TO PENURY.

Young Man and His Mania For Riding in Taxi-Cabs.

Described as a young man who had held an extremely good position, but had been reduced to bankruptcy by lavish and stupid spending, Alfonso Francis Austin Smith (34), of The Chalet, Combe Martin, North Devon, was yesterday remanded in custody at Marylebone court, charged under the Biting Act with hiring a taxicab, knowing he could not pay the fare.

Mr. Appleton, for accused, pleaded guilty, and said that his client would later on succeed to a considerable sum, but meantime he was in a state of bankruptcy. Accused, he was sorry to say, had been an exceedingly reckless young man, who had probably spent more money for cabs than anyone of his years in London.

## HUMAN DRAMAS: YESTERDAY'S SIDELIGHTS FROM THE POLICE COURTS.

Lost His Prop. Fined at Acton for having been found incapable drunk, a man was stated to have been holding on to a tree, and to have fallen down when he released his hold.

Fighting His Battles Again.—"I am an old shipmate who was with me on board the Victory-draughter. No, no, I mean the Queen in the African war," Man of 85 at Westminster.

Exciting Street Scene.—"I don't remember anything about it," said Frances Lawrence, a field worker, of St. Paul's, Nottingham Dale, who, fined 10s. 6d. at West London for drunkenness, was stated to have thrown from an upstairs window cups, saucers, ornaments, and glass of water.

The Great Problem. Told by the Thames magistrate that if he did not agree with his landlord he should seek other accommodation an applicant asked: "Where can I find a house?" Magistrate: "Ah! That is a problem which is exercising the minds of many people other than you."

Hair as Evidence.—When a young woman applied at Acton for process against a neighbour for alleged assault she stated that after abusing her the woman seized her, pulling out a handful of hair. Upon being granted a summons applicant fainted and had to be carried out of court.

Dream that Came True.—"I knew that night that a big man in a blue coat came and took me to prison." This statement was made on arrest by Margaret Jones (39), of 75, Varney-st., Camberwell, who at Tower Bridge was fined £21, and 2 guineas costs, or 51 days in default, for using her house for the purpose of receiving bets.

For Navel Catarrh, Head Colds, Run Throat, Influenza and Hay Fever, see "NORTHSHORE NARAL" OFFICE. It dissolves and cures the nasal cavity. Instant relief of mucus block. Ask Chemist, 11, 25—(LADY).

## CHARABANC TURNS THE PLUMBERS' RUSE.

### CRICKETERS HURT. WOMEN AND CHILDREN AMONG VICTIMS

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Matlock, Saturday.

An urgent message was received late this afternoon for the Matlock ambulance to go to the isolated village of Ireton Wood, which is on the way to Derby from the Higher Matlock road.

A cricket match had been arranged with a Derby team, Colombo Crescent, who, with a party of relatives and friends, left there by motor charabanc.

When near Ireton Wood the vehicle, from some cause unexplained, overturned, and 20 passengers were pinned underneath.

The Ireton Wood inhabitants, including Mr. Swingle's staff at Ireton Wood house, promptly turned out, and the injured were taken to the local institute.

Following are those who were afterwards conveyed to the Royal Infirmary at Derby and detained suffering from serious head injuries:—Mrs. Hopkins, of Sutherland-st., Derby, and her two children Hilda and Leslie Harold; George Shaw, of Stenson-st., Derby, the driver of the charabanc; and Thomas Redfern, of Malsome-st., Derby.

#### LOVERS' DEATH PACT?

### TRAGIC SECRET OF THE SEVERN REVEALED.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Worcester, Saturday.

The passage of a steamer tug into the Digby docks at Worcester brought to the surface of the Severn the bodies of a man and woman.

The tug's propeller had cut the man's body badly, and although both bodies were decomposed, the remains were identified as those of Stuart Burden (25) and Hilda Dorothy England (20), sweethearts, who lived at Moreton-on-Marsh.

Burden's employer, a coal merchant, of Worcester, said the man told him that he had had a lot of trouble about Miss England, and the girl's father said the two had discussed getting married. They were not engaged.

The medical evidence attributed death to drowning. The coroner said the young couple perhaps desponded of getting married, and decided to take their lives. The evidence was too vague for anything but an open verdict.

The jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned."

#### WIFE'S HOBBY.

### MANIA FOR INSURANCE: PROTEST BY HUSBAND.

Among the applicants at North London court yesterday was a man who said that his wife had a mania for insuring the lives of all the members of the family, and pay for the premiums out of the house-keeping money. He did not object to that, but he did not like the very fact of it, in which the family had to live in order that the policy might be kept in force.

Continuing, applicant said he discovered that his wife had taken out 25 policies, four being on the life of a two-year-old child. He had protested to the insurance company, who informed him that the premiums on all the policies must be paid, or the money already invested would be lost. He alleged that the agent had brought presents to him on the wife and child, and kept her agent out of your house.

Applicant: But he calls when I am not at home.

The magistrate said that no proceedings could be taken at that court. If applicant alleged that the premiums paid had been obtained by the agent, he must first bring an action in the County Court for their recovery.

Kilger was sentenced to three months and six months' hard labour respectively on the two charges, the terms to be consecutive, and Abraham was sentenced to three months and one month hard labour consecutively. Abraham was also recommended for deportation.

Owing to pressure on our space, this week's instalment of the British Skipper's romantic stories of adventure has been held over.

"Will draw all London."—*Referee.*

DAILY at 2.45 and 8.30  
(Sundays at 7.45)

at the  
**EMPIRE**  
LEICESTER SQUARE

The COSMOPOLITAN FILM  
with  
**LIONEL BARRYMORE**  
and **ALMA RUBENS**

VICENTE BLANCO IBANEZ

**ENEMIES**  
A Goldwyn Release. **OF WOMEN**



## THE WORKERS' SEARCHLIGHT.

By **ANDREW BUCHANAN, J.P.**

**READER** sends me a paper which contains an article on "How to solve the Domestic Servant Problem." I invite my comments.

The suggestion is to establish large bureaux to explore England, Scotland and Wales so that our villages may be supplied of the thousands of girls who would prove good material for fine servants.

The writer had better try again. When every effort is being made to brighten and resuscitate village life for the sake of our agriculture; when the decay of village life is the most demoralising factor in any country—to suggest that our villages should be denuded of their young and young women is madness. How could the young men remain behind? Our agriculture has been

days of distress it is a downright grace that any working man should have 10s. per week pocket-money. Does the Mayor suggest that the working man should buy property with his money? How does the Mayor get on himself without pocket-money?

**A Boon for Seamen.**

A serious grievance and a blot on the law in regard to workmen's compensation relating to seamen is likely, I think, soon to be removed. As marine work is not only too painfully aware, a sea accident, which is an accident at all, finds his compensation pay does not start until he arrives home. Mr. Gould proposes, and Sir A. Shaw has introduced an amendment to the Bill now before Parliament, that such pay shall start from date of discharge. Seamen in port towns should urge their M.P.

**Unionist Record.** The Unionist central office has issued a striking leaflet comparing the position of the country under the Coalition and the Labour Government. It states: "Unemployment has decreased by 123,914; two million working days lost through disputes in last six months compared with 11 millions during last six months of coalition; wages for same period decreased £276,000, as against £2,000,000 under Coalition; 552 persons in 10,000 population in receipt of poor law

lief, compared with 60%; Consols and War Loan have greatly appreciated; and iron, steel and coal production have increased and more workers are employed in these industries.

**O.D.**

The Postmaster-General is anxious, if possible, to carry out the suggestion of a Committee on "Distribution and Services of Agricultural Produce" to establish the cash-on-delivery system in connection with the parcels post whereby rural dwellers will be able to obtain cheese, poultry, fruit, cream and farm produce from the nearest

are fast approaching bankruptcy. year has imposed double the amount of tax as was imported in 1914, and her consumption is over 25 million per annum, here we have a big speculative customer and one less petitor.

**An Eye opener.**

At the recent conference on Land Nationalisation, Mr. Philip Snowden, the extremist, I notice when he explained that his Land Nationalisation recognised compensation, he was met by cries of "Shame!" But when he said that twenty years' valuation was

duce heavily. The system has been very successful in other countries, so why not here? It is proposed that the present 1 lb. parcel limit be raised to, say, 10 lb.

**Mayor's Dictum.**

A contemporary reports the case of a workman brought before the Mayor of York on the other day. The workman having stated that his wages allowed him only 10 pence per week pocket-money, the Mayor reported to have stated: "In these times, when the Government has proposed, that was received with astonishment, 'Shocking!' 'Terrible!' No objection was made when Mr. Snowden's hearers that big landowners paid income tax and 40, 50 and 60 per cent death duties, which, if translated into income tax, amounted to 17s. in the pound. No wonder Lord Nevill said that landownership was 'passing away.' The only hope of staying off nationalisation for immediate steps being taken to establish an army of peasant owners in Denmark."

**Don't rob yourself of nourishment by using skimmed condensed milk. Look after yourself and your family by using**

**NESTLE'S**  
**MILK** **THE RICHEST**  
**IN CREAM**

 For every purpose it is unequalled

*Always the same quality — the Best.*

---

**THERE IS STILL TIME**

in reply to many enquiries, we beg to state there is still time to obtain the famous **SARTOR RAINCOAT** at the reduced price. The offer, which has aroused great interest, still remains open—but please your enquiry TO-DAY. This is the offer:

**SARTOR RAINCOAT**

**The Famous SARTOR** **17/6** **CASH**  
**NO SUCH OFFER HAS EVER BEEN MADE BEFORE**  
**SARTOR RAINCOATS** (Famous all over the world) are tailored by experts from a fully provided factory with every check lining, and are suitable for all sizes.  
**SEND NO MONEY**—Just your name and address.  
Full course of **FREE PATTERNS**, style books, Ladies' Waists and Vests!—and an accurate self-measurement

**The Famous**  
**SARTOR** **17/6** **CASH**  
**NO SUCH OFFER HAS EVER BEEN MADE IN**  
**SARTOR RAINCOATS** (Famous all over the  
are tailored by experts from a fully proved (in-  
with cozy check lining, and are suitable for all use  
**SEND NO MONEY**—Just your name and add-  
full image of **FREE PATTERN**, style book, Ladies'  
Waist' and 'Youths'), and an accurate self-measurement  
**OUR GUARANTEE STILL HOLDS**  
To ensure every order you send comes with  
with your purchase, we return your money in full. **WET**  
**SARTOR MANUFACTURING**  
(Dept. 2), 22, Oxford Road, MANCHESTER

**Warms and nourishes—**

**Warms and nourishes—**

**Increased Surfaces**

comfort, solace and of sufferers who had in torture for months following remarkable



writes to the manufacturers of Ger-  
to tell you of the wonderful cure  
daughter, aged 1 year 10 mo. last  
ing with a primary rash, which was very  
ill they were a mass of inflamed areas,  
recommended to me, but nothing did  
me. After the first dressing the in-  
and after three weeks treatment only  
several of my friends thought the child  
wrote how thankful I am I gave

**A TOUCH!**  
of all Chemists.

**Polene**  
Skin Dressing

The Germicide for  
Scars, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Sores  
and Burns, Rash Eruptions, Ringworms, and  
all Itching or Irritated Surfaces.

**AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AND  
DIPLOMAS AT FOUR LEADING  
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS**

**A TOUCH!**  
of all Chemists.

**Polene**  
The Skin Dressing

The Germicide for  
Sores, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Burns  
and Sores, Skin Cracks, Ringworm, &  
all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

**AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AND  
DIPLOMAS AT FOUR LEADING  
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS**



START THIS FINE NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.



# GREATHEART

A POWERFUL LOVE STORY  
By Ethel M. Dell



## OPENING CHAPTERS.

At a Swiss resort where Sir Eustace, his brother, "Master" Scott, and sister Isabel are staying, they come in contact with the de Vignes, whose daughter Rose is in the marriage market.

Sir Eustace is attracted by the handsome, but he has no chance to dance with Dinah, who is travelling with the de Vignes. He is, however, very much impressed by the handsome and desirable Sir Eustace with the girl's exquisite dancing and charm of manner that the de Vignes take their fear of their daughter Rose may be "cut out."

Scott, who is lame, is very friendly towards Dinah, takes her to see his invalid father, and at length begins to recount the latter's love story.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

DINAH'S silence denoted keen interest. Her expression was absorbed.

"He took on the touch of constraint again apparent in his manner. It was evident that the narration stirred up deep feelings. "We three had always lived together. The family tie meant a good deal to us for the simple reason that we were practically the only family left. My father had died six years before, my mother at my birth. Eustace was the head of the family, and he and Isabel had been all in all to each other. He told her going more than I can possibly tell you, and scarcely a week after the news came he got his things together and went off in the yacht to South America to get over it by himself. I stayed on at Oxford, but I made up my mind to go out to her in the vacation. A few days after his going I had a cable to say they were married. A week after that, there came another cable to say that Eustace was dead."

"Oh!" Dinah drew a short, hard breath. "Poor Isabel!" she whispered.

"Yes," Scott's pale eyes were gazing straight ahead. "He was killed two days after the marriage. They had gone up to the hills, to a place he knew of right in the wilds on the side of a mountain, and pitched camp there. There were only themselves, a handful of Pathan coolies with mules, and a skiver. The day after they got there he took her up the mountain to show her some of the beauties of the place, and they lunched on a ledge about a couple of hundred feet above a great lonely tarn. It was a wonderful place, but very savage, horribly desolate. They rested after the lunch, and then Isabel being still tired, he left her to look in the sunshine whilst he went a little farther. He told her to wait for him. He was only going round the corner. There was a great bastion of rock putting on to the ledge. He wanted to have a look round the other side of it. He was—and he never came back."

"He fell?" Dinah turned a shocked face upon him. "Oh, how dreadful!"

"He must have fallen. The ledge dwindled on the other side of the rock to little more than four feet in width for about six yards. There was a sheer drop below into the pool. A man of steady nerve, accustomed to mountaineering, would make nothing of it; and, from what Isabel has told me of him, I rather he was that sort of man. But on that particular afternoon something must have happened. Perhaps his happiness had overstepped him a bit, for they were absolutely happy together. Or it may have been the heat. Anyhow he fell; he must have fallen. And no one ever knew any more than that."

## Dinah Makes a Friend.

"How dreadful!" Dinah whispered again. "And she was left—all alone?"

"Quite alone except for the natives, and they didn't find her till the day after. She was pacing up and down the ledge then, up and down, up and down, and she refused—flatly refused—to leave it till he should come back. She had spent the whole night there alone, waiting, getting more and more distraught, and they could do nothing with her. They were afraid of her. Never from that day to this has she admitted a moment that he must have been killed, though in her heart she knows it, poor girl, just as she knew it from the very beginning."

"But what happened?" breathed Dinah. "What did they do? They didn't leave her there?"

"They didn't know what to do. The natives was the only one with any ideas among them, and he wasn't especially smart. But after a while they decided to hit on the notion of sending one of the coolies back with the news while she and the other men waited and watched. They kept her supplied with food. She must have eaten almost mechanically. But she never left that ledge. And yet, and yet, she kept on taking the steps that would have led her to it. I sometimes wonder if it wouldn't have been better—more merciful—He broke off.

"Perhaps God was watching her," murmured Dinah shyly.

"I, I tell myself that. But even so, I can't help wondering sometimes. Her voice was very sad. "She was so terribly desolate," he said. "Those letters that you saw last night tell me she has of him. He has gone, and the man's life with him. I hate to think of what followed. I sent up a doctor from the nearest station, and she never came away. I was there. When I got to her three weeks later she was mad, raving mad, with a fever. I had the old nurse Biddy with me. We nursed her between us. We brought her back to what she is now. Some day, please God, we shall get her back again, together it will be. Her happiness is only known."

Scott ceased to speak. His brow was drawn as the brow of a man in pain.

Dinah's eyes were full of tears. "Oh, I wish you were telling me! Thank you!" she murmured. "I do hope you will get her back, as you say."

He looked at her, saw her tears, and put out a gentle hand that rested for a moment upon her arm. "I am afraid I have made you unhappy. Forgive me! I am so sympathetic, and I have taken her life. I think we shall get her back, as you say."

"I am afraid I have made you unhappy. Forgive me! I am so sympathetic, and I have taken her life. I think we shall get her back, as you say."

night. She was talking of you again this morning. She has taken a fancy to you. I hope you don't mind."

"Mind!" Dinah choked a little and smiled a quivering smile. "I am proud—very proud. I only wish I deserved it. What made you bring her here?"

"That was my brother's idea. Since we brought her home she has never been away, except once on the yacht; and then she was so miserable that we were afraid to keep her there. But he thought a thorough change—mountain air—might do her good. The doctor was not against it. So we came."

"And do you never leave her?" questioned Dinah.

"Practically never. Ever since that awful time in India she has been very dependent upon me. Biddy of course is quite indispensable to her. And I am nearly so."

"You have given yourself up to her, in fact?" Quick admiration was in Dinah's tone.

He smiled. "It didn't mean so much to me as it would have meant to some one else. Miss Bathurst—as it would have meant to Eustace, for instance. I'm not much of a man. To give up my college career and settle down at home wasn't such a great wrench. I'm not especially clever. I act as my brother's secretary, and we find it answers very well. He is a rich man, and there is a good deal of business in connection with the estate and so on. I am a poor man. By my father's will nearly everything was left to him and to Isabel. I was something of an offence to him, being the cause of my mother's death and misshapen into the bargain."

"What a wicked shame!" broke from Dinah.

"No, no! Some people are like that. They are made so. I don't feel in the least bitter about it. He left me enough to live upon, though as a matter of fact neither he nor anyone else expected me to grow up at the time that will make it. It was solely due to Biddy's devotion. I believe, that I managed to do so. I am talking rather much about myself. It's kind of you not to be bored."

"Bored!" echoed Dinah, with shining eyes. "I think you are simply wonderful. I hope—I hope Sir Eustace realizes it."

"I hope he does," agreed Scott, with a twinkle. "He has a ample opportunities for doing so. Ah, there he is! He is actually skating alone. What has become of the beautiful Miss de Vigne, I wonder?"

"They were a bit of a party," he said, looking towards the lake. "I'm not going to be bored about her any more," said Dinah suddenly. "You must have thought me a perfect little cat. And so I was."

"Oh, please!" protested Scott. "I didn't."

She laughed. "That just shows how kind you are. It doesn't make me feel the least bit better. I was a cat. There! Oh, your brother is calling you. I think I'll go."

She blushed very deeply and quickened her steps. Sir Eustace had come to the edge of the rink.

"Stumpy!" he called. "Stumpy!"

"How dare he call you that!" said Dinah. "I can't think how you can put up with it."

Scott raised his shoulders slightly, philosophically. "Doesn't the cap fit?"

"Not a bit!" Dinah declared, with emphasis. "I have another name for you that suits you far better."

"Oh! What is that?" He looked at her with smiling curiosity from ear to ear.

Dinah's blush deepened from carmine to crimson. "I call you—Mr. Greatheart," she said, her voice very low, "because you help everybody."

A gleam of surprise crossed his face. He flushed also; but she saw that, though embarrassed, he was not displeased.

He put his hand to his cap. "Thank you, Miss Bathurst," he said simply, and turned without further words to answer his brother's summons.

Dinah walked quickly on. That stroll with Scott had quite lifted her out of her depression.

## CHAPTER IX. The Runaway Cold

"It really is very tiresome," complained Lady Grace. "I know that child is going to be a nuisance from the very outset."

"What has she done now?" growled the Colonel.

He was lounging in the easiest chair in the room, smoking an excellent cigar, preparatory to indulging in his afternoon nap. His wife reclined upon a sofa with a French novel which she had not begun to read. Through the great windows that opened on to the balcony the sunshine streamed in a flood of golden light. Rose was seated on the balcony, enjoying the warmth. Lady Grace's eyes rested upon her slim figure in its scarlet coat as she made reply.

"These people," she said, "are not to be trusted. I can't quite make out which. Probably the latter. Anyhow, the sister who, I believe, is what is termed slightly mental has asked her to go to tea in her private sitting-room. I have told her she must decline."

"Quite right," said the Colonel.

Lady Grace uttered a little laugh. "Oh, she was very ridiculous and high flown, as you may imagine. But, as I told her, I am directly responsible to her mother for any friendship she may make out here, and I am not disposed to make any risks. We all know what Mrs. Bathurst can be like! I shall not allow herself an injured party."

"A perfect chameleon," agreed the Colonel. "I fancy the child herself is still kept in order with the best of her. But I don't think she is afraid of her. Billy isn't; but then apparently Billy can do no wrong."

"She certainly loves her own skin," said Lady Grace. "I never met anyone

with such an absolutely vixenish and uncontrolled temper. I am sorry for Dinah. I have always pitied her, for she certainly works hard, and gets little praise for it. But at the same time, I can't let her run wild now she is off the rein for a little. It wouldn't be right. And these people are total strangers."

"I believe they are of very good family," said the Colonel. "The little one is an old one, and Sir Eustace is evidently a rich man. I had the opportunity for a little talk with the brother yesterday evening. A very courteous little chap—quite unusually so. I think we may regard them as quite passable. His eyes also wandered to the graceful, lounging figure on the balcony. "At the same time, I shouldn't let Dinah accept hospitality from them, anyhow at this stage. She is full young. She must be content to stay in the background—at least for the present."

## A Matrimonial Catch.

"Just what I say," said Lady Grace. "Of course, if the younger brother should take a fancy to her—and he certainly seems to be attracted—it might be a very excellent thing for her. Her mother can't hope to keep her as maid-of-all-work for ever. But I can't have her pushing herself forward. I was very glad to hear you remind her so severely this morning."

"She deserved it," said the Colonel judiciously. "But at the same time, if there is any chance of what you suggest coming to pass, I have no wish to stand in the child's way. I have a fancy that she will find the bondage of home considerably more irksome after this taste of freedom. It might, as you say, be a good thing for her if the little chap did fall in love with her. Her mother can't expect much of a match for her."

"Oh, if that really happened, her mother would be charmed," said Lady Grace. "She is a queer, ill-balanced creature, and I don't believe she has ever had the smallest affection for her. She would be delighted to get her off her

"A vixen's daughter, my dear! What can you expect?"

"She behaves like a fishwife's daughter," said Lady Grace. "And if she wasn't actually eavesdropping, I am convinced she heard what I said."

"I was about to tell her with it. Hence her masterly retreat. But she was not deliberately eavesdropping, or she would not have given herself away so openly. I quite agree with you, my dear. A match between her and Sir Eustace would not be suitable. And I also think Sir Eustace would be the first to see it. Anyhow, I shall take an early opportunity of letting him know that her birth is by no means a high one, and that her presence here is simply due to our kindness. At the same time, should the rather ludicrous little younger brother take it into his head to follow her up, so far as family goes he is, of course, too good for her; but I am sorry for the child, and I shall put no obstacle in the way."

"All the same, she shall not go to tea there unless Rose is invited too," said Lady Grace pompously.

"There," said the Colonel pompously. "I think that you are right."

Lady Grace simpered a little, and opened her novel. "It really wouldn't surprise me to find that she is a born fortune-hunter," she said. "I am certain the mother is avaricious."

"The mother," said Colonel de Vigne, with the deliberation of one arrived at an unalterable decision, "is the most disagreeable, vulgar, and wholly objectionable person that I have ever met."

"Oh, quite," said Lady Grace. "If she were in our set, she should be altogether intolerable. But—thank Heaven she is not! Now, dear, if you don't mind, I am going to read myself to sleep. I have promised Rose to go to the ice carnival to-night, and I need a little relaxation first."

"I suppose Dinah is going?" said the Colonel.

"Oh, yes. But she is nothing of a skater," Lady Grace suddenly broke into

"The whole idea had originated between the heads of the two families riding home together after a day's hunting. Dinah had chanced to come into the conversation, and the Colonel, comparing her with that of his own daughter and being stirred to pity, had suggested that the two children might like to join them on their forthcoming expedition. Bathurst had at once accepted the tentative proposal, and had blurted forth the whole matter to his assembled family on his return, with the result that Billy's instant and eager delight had made it virtually impossible for his mother to oppose the suggestion."

Dinah had been delighted, too, almost deliriously so; but she had kept her pleasure to herself, not daring to show it in her mother's presence till the actual arrival of the last day. Then, indeed, she had lost her head, had sung and danced and made merry, till some trifling accident had provoked her mother's untempered wrath and a sound boxing of ears had quite sobered her enthusiasm. She had fared forth finally upon the adventure with a tearful eye and a drooping heart, her mother's frigid kiss of farewell hurting her more poignantly than her drastic punishment of an hour before. For Dinah was intensely sensitive, keenly susceptible to rebuke and coldness, and her warm heart shrank from unkindness with a shuddering that was almost pain. She knew that the whole social world of Perrythorpe looked down upon her mother, though not actually refusing to associate with her. Bathurst had married a circus-girl in his green Oxford days; so the story went—a hard, handsome woman older than himself, and fiercely, intensely ambitious. Lack of funds had prevented her climbing very high, and bitterly she resented her failure. He had never done a day's work in his life, but, unlike his wife, he had plenty of friends. He was well bred, a good rider, a straight shot, and an entertaining guest. He knew everyone within a radius of twenty miles, and was upon terms of easy intimacy with the de Vignes and many others, who received him with pleasure, but very seldom went out of their way to encounter his wife.

Dinah shrewdly suspected that this fact accounted for much of the bitterness of her mother's outlook. Her ambition had apparently died of starvation long since, but her resentment remained. Her hand was against practically all the world, including her daughter, whose fairy-like daintiness and pliancy were so obvious a contrast to the somewhat coarse and flashy beauty that had once been hers; for all that Dinah inherited from her mother was her gipsy darkness. Mrs. Bathurst was not flashy now, and any attempt at personal adornment on Dinah's part was always very sternly repressed. She had met and understood the eye of scornful criticism too often, and she distrusted her own taste. She was determined that Dinah should never be subjected to the same humiliation.

She humiliated her often enough herself. It was the only means she knew of asserting her authority; for she had no intention of allowing the loss of her daughter's contempt. She was harsh to the point of brutality, so that the girl's heart was wont to quicken apprehensively whenever she heard her step. She scolded, she punished, she controlled. Dinah remembered still with shivering vividness the shipping she had received on one occasion for demanding her self by running after the de Vignes' carriage to deliver a message. Her mother's whippings had always been very terrible, vindictively thorough. The indignity of them lashed her soul even more cruelly than the unsparring thronging body. Because of them she had been daily trephored, submissive almost to the point of abjection, lest this hateful and demoralizing form of punishment should be inflicted upon her. For some time now, her great wariness and extreme suspicion she had evaded it, and she had begun to entertain the rebellious hope that she was at last considered to have passed the age for such childish correction. But her mother's outbreak of violence on the day of their departure had been a painful disillusion, and she knew well what it would mean to return home in disgrace with the marks of her mother's anger and tangled still with the shame of the discovery. She felt that another of the old dreadful chastisements would overwhelm her utterly. And yet that she would most certainly have to endure it if she were unready now, as a conviction that pressed like a cold weight upon her heart. And not the least of her mother's stern instructions was her to behave herself as though she had been a naughty, wayward child.

"It would bill me!" she told herself passionately. "Oh, why, why, why, why, I grow up quick and merry. But I shall still grow up at home. That's the terrible, horrible part of it. And I shall never have a chance of marrying, and other girls can have a good time as they like, flirt when they like. But I never never!"

"I wonder if the redoubtable Mrs. Bathurst does really beat her when she is naughty. It would be excellent treatment for her, you know."

"I haven't doubt of it," said the Colonel. "She is absolutely under her mother's control. That great rawboned woman would have a heavy hand, too, I'll be bound."

"Oh, there is no doubt Dinah stands very much in awe of her," said the Colonel. "But all the will of her own till she came here. I always took her for the meekest little creature imaginable."

"There is a good deal more in Miss Dinah than jumps to the eye," said the Colonel. "In fact, if you ask me, I should say she is something of a dark horse. She is just beginning to feel her feet, and she'll surprise us all one of these days by turning into a runaway colt."

"Not, I do hope, while she is in my charge," said Lady Grace.

"We will hope not," agreed the Colonel. "But all the same, I rather think that her mother will find her considerably less tame and tractable when she sees her again than she has ever been before. Liberty, you know, is a dangerous joy for the young."

"Then we must be more strict with her ourselves," said Lady Grace.

"I don't mean Dinah to have Sir Eustace," said Lady Grace very decidedly. "It would be most unavailing. Yes, what is it?" as a low knock came at the door. "Come in!"

It opened, and Dinah, looking flushed and rather uncertain, made her appearance.

"I wish you would have the consideration not to disturb us at this hour, my dear Dinah," said Lady Grace peevishly. "What is it you want now?"

"I am sorry," said Dinah meekly. "But I heard your voice, so I knew you weren't asleep. I just came in to say that Billy and I are going to the ice."

"What next?" said Lady Grace, still peevish. "Of course I don't mind so long as you don't get up to mischief."

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She stamped her foot with the words, gazing down at him with blazing eyes. The Colonel stiffened slightly, but he kept his temper. "If I have done you any injustice, I apologize," he said. "You may think me."

And Dinah went like a whitebird, hanging the door behind her.

"Well, really!" muttered Lady Grace, in genuine displeasure.

Her husband smiled somewhat grimly.

## CHAPTER X. The House of Bondage.

Dinah ran swiftly down the corridor to her own room. As a matter of fact, she had intruded upon the Colonel and Lady Grace in the secret hope of finding a propitious moment for once again pressing her request to be allowed to accept Scott's invitation to tea. Her failure to do so added fuel to the flame, arousing in her an almost irresistible impulse to retaliate.

The fear of consequences alone restrained her, for to be caught home in disgrace after only a week in this Alpine paradise was more than she could face. All her life the dread of her mother's wrath had overshadowed Dinah like a cloud, sometimes near, sometimes distant, but always present. She had been brought up to fear her from the cradle. All through her childhood her punishments were not the bare thought of them, and still she was fully convinced as was Lady Grace that her mother had never really loved her. To come under the ban of her disapproving mother's days of harsh treatment, now that her childhood was over, had the discipline been even laxer. She never attempted to rebel openly. Her fear of her mother had become an integral part of herself. Her

spirit shrank before her fits of violence. But for her father and Billy she sometimes thought that home would be an impossible place.

But her affection for her father was of a very intense order. Lazy, self-indulgent, supremely easy-going, yet possessed of a fascination that had held her from babyhood—such was Guy Bathurst. Despised, at least outwardly, by his wife, and adored by his daughter, he went his indifferent way, enjoying life as he found it and quite impervious to snubs. "I never interfere with your mother," was a very frequent sentence on his lips, and by that axiom he ruled his life, looking negligently on while Dinah was bent without mercy to the wheel of tyranny.

He was fond of Dinah—her devotion to him made that inevitable—but he never obtruded his fondness to the point of interfering with her. For both of them were secretly aware that the harshness meted out to her had much of its being in a deep, unreasoning jealousy of that very selfish fondness. They kept their affection as it were for strictly private consumption, and it was this alone that made life at home tolerable for Dinah.

For upon one point her father was insistent. He would not part with her unless she married. He did not object to her working at home for his comfort, but the idea of her working elsewhere and making her living was one which he refused to consider. With rare self-reliance he would not hear of it, and when he really asserted himself, which was seldom, his wife was wont to yield, albeit ungraciously enough, to his least.

Besides, Dinah was undoubtedly useful at home, and would certainly grow out of hand if she left her.

Not very willingly had she agreed to let her go upon this Alpine jaunt with the de Vignes, but Billy had been so keen, and the invitation would scarcely have been extended to him alone.

The whole idea had originated between the heads of the two families riding home together after a day's hunting. Dinah had chanced to come into the conversation, and the Colonel, comparing her with that of his own daughter and being stirred to pity, had suggested that the two children might like to join them on their forthcoming expedition. Bathurst had at once accepted the tentative proposal, and had blurted forth the whole matter to his assembled family on his return, with the result that Billy's instant and eager delight had made it virtually impossible for his mother to oppose the suggestion.

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"Then we must be more strict with her ourselves," said Lady Grace.

"I don't mean Dinah to have Sir Eustace," said Lady Grace very decidedly. "It would be most unavailing. Yes, what is it?" as a low knock came at the door. "Come in!"

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"I am sorry," said Dinah meekly. "But I heard your voice, so I knew you weren't asleep. I just came in to say that Billy and I are going to the ice."

"What next?" said Lady Grace, still peevish. "Of course I don't mind so long as you don't get up to mischief."

"Dinah, come here!" said the Colonel suddenly.

Dinah, on the point of beating a swift retreat, stood still with obvious reluctance.

"Come here!" he repeated.

He reached up a hand and grasped her by the arm.

"Were you eavesdropping just now?" he demanded.

Dinah started as if stung. "I—I—of course I wasn't," she declared, with vehemence. "How can you suggest such a thing?"

"Quite sure!" said the Colonel, still holding her.

"She writhed herself from him in a sudden fury. Colonel de Vigne, you may think me," she declared, "that I am outside closed doors. How dare you? How dare you?"

She stamped her foot with the words, gazing down at him with blazing eyes. The Colonel stiffened slightly, but he kept his temper. "If I have done you any injustice, I apologize," he said. "You may think me."

And Dinah went like a whitebird, hanging the door behind her.

"Well, really!" muttered Lady Grace, in genuine displeasure.

Her husband smiled somewhat grimly.

"I wonder if the redoubtable Mrs. Bathurst does really beat her when she is naughty. It would be excellent treatment for her, you know."

"I haven't doubt of it," said the Colonel. "She is absolutely under her mother's control. That great rawboned woman would have a heavy hand, too, I'll be bound."

"Oh, there is no doubt Dinah stands very much in awe of her," said the Colonel. "But all the will of her own till she came here. I always took her for the meekest little creature imaginable."

"There is a good deal more in Miss Dinah than jumps to the eye," said the Colonel. "In fact, if you ask me, I should say she is something of a dark horse. She is just beginning to feel her feet, and she'll surprise us all one of these days by turning into a runaway colt."

"Not, I do hope, while she is in my charge," said Lady Grace.

"We will hope not," agreed the Colonel. "But all the same, I rather think that her mother will find her considerably less tame and tractable when she sees her again than she has ever been before. Liberty, you know, is a dangerous joy for the young."

"Then we must be more strict with her ourselves," said Lady Grace.

"I don't mean Dinah to have Sir Eustace," said Lady Grace very decidedly. "It would be most unavailing. Yes, what is it?" as a low knock came at the door. "Come in!"

It opened, and Dinah, looking flushed and rather uncertain, made her appearance.

"I wish you would have the consideration not to disturb us at this hour, my dear Dinah," said Lady Grace peevishly. "What is it you want now?"

"I am sorry," said



**YOUNG MAN'S FANCY Won 9 to 4.**















